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Vol. I.  
No. 44.

CITY

SEPT. 15,  
1876.

# JACKDAW



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The canvass for the Names is being proceeded with, and the Directories will be erected as soon as possible.

**65, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.**

*Sept. 14, 1876.*

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 44.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## MR. HENRY IRVING: A SOLVED PROBLEM.

It is probable that the public are considerably puzzled by the difference between the receptions accorded to Mr. Irving in London and Manchester respectively. For Manchester we may, indeed, read "the provinces," in order to make the problem more perfect, and therefore easier of solution. The problem alluded to may be treated as two-headed. There are to be considered—firstly, the run of two hundred nights, and the enthusiastic reception of Mr. Irving's Hamlet, at the Lyceum, in London; and, secondly, the very favourable opinions of that performance expressed by all the principal London papers. With these points have to be contested severally—first, the chilling reception accorded in Manchester, indicating, undoubtedly, the unfavourable verdict of Manchester playgoers; and, secondly, the unanimous and universal reprobation of the performance which has been read in the local press. The first point to be examined, then, is—how is it that a performance which ran two hundred nights in London, and was enthusiastically received, has only escaped condemnation in Manchester by the skin of the teeth? A little consideration of the nature of London and Manchester audiences will provide, at least, the answer. It is probable that an average London audience, at the Lyceum, say, or elsewhere, contains between eighty and ninety per cent of the vagrant playgoing element; in other words, it is probable that more than three-fourths of the number assembled have never been to that theatre before, and will never go to it again. Those who have ever attempted to realise the vastness and oddity of that London life will not wince at this estimate. Bearing this in mind, it will be very easy to estimate the value, as a critical test, of a run of two hundred nights or more at any particular London theatre. Audiences such as those of which we have hinted, even were they composed of sober and competent judges, do not possess the facility for free intercommunication, which is such a healthful possession of Manchester playgoers. The unfavourable verdict of an audience at the Prince's Theatre is buzzed about over the whole city within twenty-four hours, whereas the London audience will have been long before that time scattered to the four winds of Heaven. The Manchester playgoer has, therefore, the advantage over him of London of being in possession of the verdict of those who have seen the play, and been able to judge of its merits. This is one reason for diversity of opinion, not for greater soundness of judgment. With regard to this latter, it may be remarked that it is only in exceptional cases that sound criticism could be ever looked for from London audiences. These, as a rule, are more provincial than those of the provinces themselves; they are made up of stray units, dragged together from all quarters by the strange fortuity of circumstances, which goes daily to the making up of London evening assemblages. Add to this that a very large proportion of London playgoers attend the play under vinous or other excitement, and a very fair case will have been made out against any authoritative decision of Londoners, so called, which actors and managers may attempt to shove down our throats in Manchester. Given, therefore, a play which is largely advertised beforehand in London, and the probability is that the first night is largely attended. Given half a dozen favourable notices in leading newspapers, the "success" may be extended indefinitely, though, as a matter of fact, the audience on each successive night may go away disgusted, none of them having the opportunity of infecting the other. Thus the unfortunate average playgoer, who has probably come up from the provinces bent, among other things, on enjoying a night at the play, is usually compelled to select his amusement haphazard, or at least to be

guided by the opinions of the critics. This brings up part two of the problem:—

### WHAT THE LONDON PAPERS SAY.

A poetic and massive impersonation, in itself no mean psychological study, and throwing considerable light on many points which have time out of mind puzzled the student.

Mr. Irving brings to bear on his subject great subtlety of expression and an extraordinary power of illustration, which is entirely distinct from stage artifice.

Mr. Irving's Hamlet deserves to take a high rank among æsthetic and scholarly productions. . . . Chiefly remarkable for delicacy of treatment, refined appreciation of the text, and at the same time for daring originality.

### WHAT THE MANCHESTER PAPERS SAY.

Mr. Irving's gait is eccentric, his articulation extraordinary, and even in his finest scenes the spectator has to struggle with the discomfort caused by these peculiarities. He makes Hamlet not merely a weak and irresolute man, faltering beneath a terrible duty, but reduces him to the level of actual contempt. In doing so, he sacrifices the sympathy of the audience, a consideration enough to deprive his reading of all prospect of permanent popularity on the stage.

Mr. Irving's Hamlet, so far from being a revelation, is just what might have been expected of the actor who made a great sensation in "The Bells." It is essentially melodramatic, and, in spite of a veneer of eccentricity which surprises good taste as well as prejudice, we venture to say that it is essentially commonplace.

It was just to such a flabby and pigeon-livered invalid that the intervention of some supernatural power was needed. The portraiture, however it may be thus justified by some critics, is not a dignified one, and we are old-fashioned enough to prefer the accustomed presentation of Hamlet as a prince and a scholar.

In making these few selections, which might be multiplied in number to no purpose, we have chosen to give expressions of opinion, omitting those matters of detail on which the opinions are founded. The reconciliation of such adverse judgments would seem at the first blush an impossibility, but, assuming as we do the Manchester opinions to be just and in harmony with those of the public, we have to consider—firstly, the nature and aims of London dramatic criticism, and, secondly, the intimate connection which exists in London between the Press and the Drama; disclaiming all reference to that paragraphesque style of criticism, happily rare in Manchester, which suggests one eye upon the advertisement and the other upon orders for the play. Dramatic criticism, then, in London is relegated to gentlemen of high scholarly attainments and deep philosophic intuition. It is altogether out of the province of such men to write for the information of that thing of the hour—the playgoer. Hence the channels of London criticism flow for the educated contemporary reader, and for posterity. For these critics, Mr. Irving's impersonations have afforded an extraordinary opportunity of providing good copy. They are able to strip Mr. Irving naked, if we may use the expression, and to divest him of the various husks of affectation, awkwardness, mannerism, and so on, in which he appears before the playgoer, and to reveal to us the psychic attitudes of his impersonations. They find him massive, scholarly, poetical, and refined, whereas the playgoer reports him to be awkward, stiff, silly, and unromantic. This is one of the reasons among others why the verdict of London criticism is so often found to be reversed in

the provinces. The Manchester critic, unlike his brother in London, writes for the information of the playgoer, and in fact is altogether an inferior mortal. When he goes to the theatre he laughs with those who laugh, and, for aught we know, weeps with them that weep. What he writes is usually a reflection of the mind of the audience, of which a notable instance has just now been presented. Occasionally, it is true, he acts the part of the censor, but as a rule, whatever his utterances may be, there is about them the warmth of humanity. The cold placidity of philosophic analysis finds no exponent in Manchester, nor is anything of the kind required. Next we arrive at the intimate connection existing in London between Press and Drama. As a matter of mere knowledge, it is not uncommon to find in the metropolis the remarkable triune phenomenon of dramatic author, actor, and critic rolled into one. The Press and the Drama may be said to go hand in hand in London, inasmuch that the critic enjoys many opportunities of gaining an insight into the depths of an actor's soul, into the various hidden beauties of his performance, which a mere perfunctory attendance and a few notes on the back of the programme would never afford him. Whether the connection alluded to is in all cases compatible in its various ramifications with severe and just criticism shall be a moot point. Would-be fashionable gossips who have been to London bring us back stories, too, of little dinners and suppers in theatrical haunts, given, by some coincidence, on the eve of some first night or special performance; but without listening to such tittle-tattle, we will conclude this article with the confident hope that our readers will have found in it at least a partial solution of a difficult problem.

#### TURKEY IN COURT.

**OUT,** Turk! out, wretch! out, ravisher! you plead  
In vain the pleas of meaner criminals.  
To ravish women! Oh, that in this age  
Of knowledge, progress, science most complete,  
Of great achievements of humanity,  
A plea should yet be urged for ravishers!  
To think that even now the daily use  
Of that invention, which has banished space  
By chaining lightning to perform men's will,  
Should be to tell a tale of fiends let loose!  
Nay, worse, for in the story of the fiends,  
Whether invented or canonical,  
However told, or with whatever credence,  
Thy crime can find no parallel; and yet,  
With smirking sophistry and proud appeal,  
Thy plea, if plea thou mak'st, is, "Really, sir,  
I could not help it." This to Europe, this  
Before a world that ever prides itself  
On growing upward toward the light of lights.  
Can'st thou to answer murder, theft, or fire,  
Or ordinary crime for which men blush,  
And look askant upon their fellows, we  
Might pardon or avenge, as case might be,  
And on the future cast a careful eye.  
But this we cannot pardon, nor can we  
Put limit to our vengeance; all in vain  
Your plea. What! women outraged! out! you are condemned.  
No plea! no words! no mercy, miscreant!

#### MRS. HENPECK'S PARLOUR LECTURES.

[EDITED BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

##### No. I.—ON BUTTONS.

**M**Y dear daughter-in-law, now that I have the opportunity I must tell you how glad I am to be here, so that you may profit by my experience. Quite right, my dear; you are, as you say, quite inexperienced, but I have no doubt that you will do your best to prove a treasure to Claude. I must confess that this marriage has caused me much anxiety. Claude was always a good son to me, as he ought to be, considering all the care I took in bringing him up; but I suppose the best of sons never consult their mothers in everything. Nay, my dear, I would not for worlds hurt anybody's feelings. You mistake me. I hope and trust that all will be for the best, but it is a fearful responsibility. *You love him?*

Certainly, my dear, that is a matter of course, it could not be otherwise; but a woman has many more important duties than loving her husband. *A woman may love a man, and yet not make him comfortable or happy either. You will do your best?* Quite right, my dear, and I'm sure you mean to; but there is nothing like experience. I am sure that in many things I have been a slave to Claude. *You don't mean to be a slave?* You should not take advice in that spirit, my dear; I only speak for your good and his. Claude's poor father, for instance, never knew what it was to have a shirt without a button on it. I would have worked my fingers to the bone sooner, and when I think of Claude himself, the dear boy, I cannot help feeling anxious. When I think of the hours and hours I have spent over his things, I declare my fingers itch to be doing something. As we have the morning before us, let us spend it in looking them over. I can see that this is distasteful to you, but there is nothing like a beginning. *You are sure they are all right?* My dear, in such matters you should never be sure. When did you look them over last? *You don't know?* Well, well, allowance must be made for your want of experience; but I must insist now on seeing them. *You told Martha last week?* Good gracious! and do you leave these things to servants? What a mercy that I came, everything will go to rack and ruin at this rate; but, after all, you could not be expected to know. Let us go at once and examine them. *It is quite unnecessary?* My dear daughter, my dear Emma, I fear you are not yet alive to your responsibilities, but as long as Claude has a mother he shall not be neglected. *Claude never speaks to you like that?* I daresay not, but wait a little bit. When you have been married as long as I was—not that there was ever any unpleasantness in my married life, but there are things that every wife must attend to herself. I am sure you will not refuse to come with me, my dear. Now, let us look — Ah! just as I thought; here are three shirts short of a button each, and several pairs of socks with holes. You will excuse my mentioning it, my dear, but men have a habit of letting their nails grow too long, which causes holes in socks sooner than anything. I have had to remind Claude of it often. Now, there is a good morning's work for me darning these socks. What's that? *He will not wear them?* Nonsense! many's the pair I have mended for him. *He says they blister his feet!* That is his joke, they will not if they are mended properly; but first, if you will lend me your workbox, I will sew on these buttons. What! a gold thimble, and such an expensive box, too. I am sure Claude need be made of money. *It was a present to you?* Yes, I have no doubt; and I can see plainly that Claude will be ruined if he is encouraged in his extravagance. If he had married a rich wife it might have been different. *You do not want to ruin him, and I have no right to talk so?* Dear me; and so I am to sit quietly by and see everything going wrong, and say nothing. I wonder where my feelings as a mother would be. I greatly fear that my anxieties have not been without cause. Many's the sleepless night I've passed about it, wishing that my boy might be happy. There's one button on—and now, because I continue to take an interest in him, I am accused of interference. I can only say that this is not a good beginning for a marriage life. I thought he had something on his mind yesterday—there's another—and now it is very easily accounted for. I often warned him that marriage was a serious matter, and that he might be made miserable for—there's the last—for life. Now, we'll see to the stockings. Mercy on us! what's the matter? *You were never so scolded in your life, and you won't put up with it, and it isn't true?* Good gracious me! Child, crying won't mend matters, or stockings either. You ought to be thankful to have some one to tell you these things. Sulking will do no good, either. Ah! poor Claude!

[I have excised the rest of this lecture, and the discussion which ensued, as being unedifying. As far as I can gather, the scene must have been laid long ago. My wife is now a pattern in the matter of buttons and socks, and I am obliged, for economy's sake, to run the risk of blisters. The imputation on my toe-nails I deny.—C. H.]

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every



## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

THAT lively and entertaining paper, the *Manchester City News*, thus describes the experiences of a field naturalists' excursion on a pouring wet day: "The party," says the *City News*, "included several ladies. The early part of the afternoon was characterised by occasional showers; but as the members of the party were well provided against such possibilities, no inconvenience was experienced, while the music of the pattering on the leaves, the freshness of the atmosphere, the odours of the vegetation, the occasional sunshine illuminating the rain-drops and reflected from the surface of the pools, the constantly changing character of the blue and white sky, in short, the charms of Nature smiling through her tears, amply compensated those who took part in the excursion." Our contributor, the "Novice," who happened to be taking a walk the same day, sends us the following philosophical inspiration in verse:—

I LOVE to hear the drops of rain  
Upon my tile descending,  
Uniting in a sweet refrain  
Of music never ending,  
Because, you know,  
It makes things grow;  
I quite forget  
I'm getting wet.

Another thing rejoices me,  
And chases all objection,  
'Tis Nature weeping, don't you see?—  
A beautiful reflection.  
And when it clears  
I miss those tears  
That Nature shed  
Upon my head.

The smell of grateful herbs and grass  
Demands my approbation;  
I partly think myself an ass,  
But still it's recreation.  
The heedless moke  
Doth graze and soak;  
Inquiring man  
Doth Nature scan.

The surface of the gleaming pool  
The tears of Nature dimple;  
Although I feel myself a fool,  
The metaphor is simple.  
I'm not provoked  
At getting soaked;  
With feelings fond  
I eye that pond.

The only drawback that there is  
Unto these joys, my masters,  
Is thinking of the rheumatiz',  
And similar disasters.  
I never yet  
Got soaking wet  
But what I had  
Rhumatis bad.

'Tis even thus in Nature's ways  
(Excuse the egotism)  
By going out on rainy days  
I catch the rheumatism.  
There is no joy  
Without alloy;  
When Nature rains  
She causeth pains.

## DEGENERACY OF LANCASHIRE MEN.

AN inspector of schools, named Jolly, raised rather a startling discussion at the British Association a few days ago. The question was as to the degeneracy of mankind; and the Rev. W. Cane, of Manchester, in the course of the discussion considerably remarked that the physical powers of the people of this city seem to be gradually deteriorating, and that medical men who had studied the subject said the race would almost die out in time. We can't help suspecting that the Rev. W. Cane was endeavouring to have a little joke at the expense of the British

Association. Why, Mr. Cane knows better than anybody else that the Lancashire man shows no signs of degenerating—in fact, if anything, he is improving. He can drink deeper than ever he could, and can come upon 'Change with as cool a head the next morning as if he had been born a teetotaler, and stuck to his pledge during life. If kicking and violent assaults are any criterion of the physical stamina of a certain section of Lancashire men, Mr. Cane's assertion may again be challenged.

## AN ATROCITARIAN MEETING.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

THE meeting of citizens on Tuesday last, to discuss England's duty in the present horrible crisis of the world, must have disappointed many persons by its conduct. We had been told, you know—I had read—who has not?—that the thing was mere an empty bit of party agitation; that the parties to it were only Liberals, atrocitarians, atrocity-mongers, and so on. It is so easy to say disagreeable things, you see, and make disagreeable illustrations. How about the fable of the Good Samaritan? How did the Levite behave in that transaction? Was he not a model Conservative? What had he to do with wounded strangers? The balance of power, look you, must be preserved; and it is essential that those robbers in those mountains should not be annoyed. To interfere with them would be to upset the *status quo*! Let the Samaritan go to Jericho, if he likes, with his twopence, and his donkey, and his wounded stranger that he has found. I give him twopence? I will see him — Some such thoughts as these may have passed through my mind as I went to the meeting, but they soon passed away. Strange to say, the assembly was sternly and unanimously in earnest; yet there was little, if any, excited and sensational speaking, no rabid declamation. There was clearly no bitterness, no animus. There was even a deliberate calmness about the proceedings which at first seemed rather tame, but gradually struck one as exhibiting a better and more useful frame of mind than any savage outbursts of excitement. It must be confessed that, as a whole, the oratory was not grand, but it was convincing and to the purpose, as it should be in a non-political meeting. I should have liked, though, just out of curiosity, to call on all those who had voted for the Conservative at the last election to hold up their hands. What a forest of palms would there have been! No, my friends, the Tory leaders, Conservatism does not always mean rowdiness, as you are beginning to find out. Even sturdy and eloquent Knox Little, in the one speech of the night worth listening to, did not introduce more acerbity than a sly hit or two at Lord Beaconsfield, which were appreciated chiefly for their humour. Was the humour out of place? My friends, let us be thankful for humour; it has lightened many a load and slain many a giant, only the attempt to use it involves heavy responsibilities. In the meanwhile, the gifted preacher and orator quietly puts on his great coat, and steals off quietly to make another speech at the English Church Union meeting, and soon after that the "Old Fogie" goes home to bed. What do I see staring at me from all the print-shops in the morning? It is the cartoon of a Conservative comic paper—a foul thing, not so badly drawn as second-rate illustrations go. It represents all those stories from the East as ludicrous incidents, even if they are true. It represents a noble Englishman as trumpeting them forth for his selfish ends. It represents honourable English gentlemen—servants of English literature—as liars and snobs; and the modest request is that we should laugh. Oh, undiscerning and most contemptible satirist! is there no truth anywhere, no honour, no human emotion? Shall women be violated, and Englishmen giggle? Hide your hideous face, and don't make decent God-fearing people sick with it. It is, indeed, this question of women, of which it is forbidden to write plainly, that has raised the Eastern Question once and for ever out of the arena of party politics. Did none of us ever read the *Daily News* after dinner, and come down to business with dim eyes, and a curse at our hearts? Let the meeting of Tuesday last testify to what I mean; personal testimony would be out of place.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

# JACKDAW



## AMUSEMENTS.

**PRINCE'S.**—Monday Next, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, in DOT and SPELLING BEE.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.**—Open for the Season. Attraction of the Season, Messrs. Danson and Sons' Magnificent Daylight Picture of the IMPERIAL CITY OF CALCUTTA, capital of the British Empire in India. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at dusk, during the season, will be represented the grand spectacle of the Reception of the PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, concluding with a Brilliant Display of Fireworks. The Military Band of the Gardens in attendance every day from two p.m. The great collection of living animals and birds always on view. Pleasure boats and steamers ply on the great lakes, which are upwards of eight acres in extent. Conservatories, Ferneries, Museum, Mazes, Steam Horses, Velocipedes, etc. Admission, 6d. each; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 1s. each after four p.m.

**COMPSTALL GARDENS AND BOWLING GREEN, MARPLE.** Special Arrangements have been made with the Railway Companies for CHEAP FARES on Wednesdays and Saturdays, as follows:—From Manchester, on Wednesdays, at 2.25 p.m.; on Saturdays, at 1.20 and 2.25 p.m. Returning from Marple at 6.0, 7.0, 8.15, 8.50, and 9.40 for Manchester. Fares to Marple and back, third class, including admission to the Gardens, 1s. 2d. Ordinary admission, 3d.

**OYSTERS, OYSTERS, OYSTERS.**—Best London Natives and Seconds. W. THOMPSON, 8, Spring Gardens, receives a daily supply.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the Irishmen in Manchester must no longer be described as broken-hearted, but as broken-headed.

That the Chairman, at the meeting on Sunday, was heard to exclaim, "Biggarra! I'm kilt!"

That the only organic damage done was the smashing of an organ pipe.

That Mr. Biggar thinks that if the crack on his head is a specimen of the principles of the Home Rulers in Manchester, he would like to take his doses on the homeopathic principle.

That he doesn't intend to shed his blood for owld Ireland any more.

That the next time the Home Rulers meet, they intend to provide themselves with sticks, as they object to pay for broken chair-legs.

That Mr. Howorth, the devil's advocate, absented himself from the meeting about the Bulgarian atrocities, as he was afraid of a certain distinguished colleague of his talking about "errors."

That Councillor Croston was also absent, because he could write his views in the *Courier*, and use the whole of the letters in the alphabet.

That the title, Imperial Hatt, is of Orien-tile origin.

That when Miss Becker, at the British Association, in the discussion on spiritualism, asserted that spirits went in for buttered toast, and drank gin and water, she omitted to say that they occasionally left their bills unpaid at hotels.

That the spirits in question occasionally, like other people, mangle their H's., and exclaim, "Hotel not of our whereabouts."

That it is too bad of the newspapers to make so much noise about a drunken man being impaled, seeing he got drunk on whiskey.

That in his address at the Prince's Theatre, to-night, Mr. Irving intends to murder his Manchester critics.

That he thinks they would have done him more justice if they had never seen him.

That during a passage in "Hamlet," his pronunciation was so extraordinary that the Ghost even laughed.

That the ladies are going in for train-bearers, and are going to wear their own hair like a Chinese pigtail.

That the Bishop of Salford finds it so difficult to get curates that he has applied to the Dean of Manchester for the loan of a few.

## ONE FOR EDWIN.

On his pressing Angelina for her "reasons" for wishing the marriage to come off before the winter sets in.

On, twenty reasons, dear. But one's enough—  
You'll want a comforter, and I—a muff.

## ATROCITARIANISM.

[BY AN ADMIRER OF THE "COURIER."]

**E**ASE, oh, silly one, to chatter  
Of the Moslem's cruel work!  
Cease aspersions vile to scatter  
On the gentlemanly Turk!  
Though the warfare that he loves  
Is not waged in silken gloves,  
Sympathetic talk misleads  
When applied to Turkish deeds;  
You are a deceitful man—  
Oh, "atrocitarian!"

Vain are your transparent tricks;  
Shall we alter all the shape  
Of our foreign politics

For a case or two of rape?  
Little children murdered, are  
Parcel of a Moslem war;  
Women must be outraged when  
War is waged by Turkish men;  
Cease a feeble flame to fan—  
Oh, "atrocitarian!"

Cease your efforts to redouble,  
For you really won't succeed;  
You might save your breath and trouble,  
Really, now, you might, indeed.  
Such insensate nonsense gives  
Strength to the Conservatives;  
Toryism is awake  
To the subterfuge you make;  
You must try some other plan—  
Oh, "atrocitarian!"

## THAT BISHOP!

**W**E read that on the occasion of a church consecration at Bolton, on Wednesday, "in reply to the toast of 'The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese,' the Bishop of Manchester said the other day a friend of his sent him a leading article cut from a Manchester paper, which he did not often see, in which it was stated, 'Whenever anything occurs out of which capital can be made, we at once see a letter in the *Times*, signed J. Manchester.' That caused him to think how many letters he had sent to the *Times*, and he found there were just three—one on the Bengal famine, another on the agricultural labourers, and the third on the Bulgarian atrocities." What can be the name of this impertinent and mendacious journal? We should like to know, so that we might gibbet it. Everybody is aware that the Bishop of Manchester is very fond of speaking, just as everybody knows that there are certain speakers or writers who will not even give the Devil his due. The Bishop, as a matter of fact, has written two letters to the *Times* on the subject of the Bulgarian atrocities, but the second was probably printed after the appearance



of the disingenuous remarks quoted. We should like to know the name of this journal, because we should like to have the pleasure of showing it up in its true colours. There is a Conservative journal in Manchester in which, if a man were to search diligently for a few weeks, he might find enough of malice, misrepresentation, abuse, personality, and ill-blood to satisfy any ordinary stomach for such matters; but the Bishop does not specify, therefore we have no right to infer. Surely the three subjects chosen by the Bishop for the *Times* were stirring ones, out of which a man might well make capital merely by touching them without any particular straining after effect. If it will console the Bishop to know that he is not the only public man in Manchester whose character and doings are liable to wanton attack and foul misinterpretation at the hands of unscrupulous writers, he will have that assurance. We ourselves have occasionally dealt out somewhat heavy measure to his lordship, but the Bishop of Manchester may be credited with sufficient *nous* to be able to distinguish between the scurrilous attacks of a paper he never reads, and the good-humoured banter of a journal which we are proud to know he does read assiduously.

### PERPLEXITY.

OF all the girls that I have seen,  
Mary is the neatest;  
Simple is her dress, I ween,  
But her shape the sweetest.  
When I meet her in the morning,  
Some secluded path adorning,  
At her side I long to stray  
All the day.

Then there's wayward, winsome Lucy—  
There's another girl!—  
Lips like cherries, ripe and juicy;  
Every tooth a pearl.  
How she laughs at me, the fairy!  
I forget the absent Mary,  
As the dainty treble trips  
From her lips.

But this is not all I've told you  
(I confess with shame);  
There is yet a third—behold you!  
Edith is her name.  
She has hair so soft and golden,  
Faintest knight it would embolden,  
If one look be kept in sight  
Through the fight!

But swiftly speed the years, the while;  
And what with Mary's graces,  
And what with Lucy's witching smile,  
And what with Edith's tresses,  
And what with one, and what with all,  
I greatly fear it will befall  
That I shall live without a wife  
All my life!

### MORE POWER TO YE, MY BOY!

SCENE.—*The Free-trade Hall steps after the Home Rule disturbance.* Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, M.P., supporting Mr. BIGGAR, M.P., with a broken head.

Mr. Power. Bedad, Biggar, but somebody has given you a divil of a hard lick! Why, you look as if you'd been at Donnybrook.

Mr. Biggar. Never had such a crack in my life. The man who gave the blow must have had a deal of experience.

Mr. Power. Well, never mind; you may take my word for it, that I paid somebody off for it well. You see this shillalegh?

Mr. Biggar. To be sure I do.

Mr. Power. Well, during the scrimmage on the platform, I saw a biggish head before me, so I tapped it once, and having found a soft place I struck it with all my might. Och! but the head must have been cracked before, for it gave out such a ring.

Mr. Biggar. You say you tapped the head first?

Mr. Power. I did, just on the bump of benevolence.

Mr. Biggar. And then you struck?

Mr. Power. I did, my boy.

Mr. Biggar. And it gave out a ring as if it had been cracked before?

Mr. Power. It did.

Mr. Biggar. Then bad cess to you, Power; for, bedad, if the head wasn't my own.

Mr. Power. Och! murther! what sacrilege! Why didn't you tell me so before I broke it?

### HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

DON'T think I have yet touched on the purely mechanical method of making poetry, which is one of the simplest of all, and may be taught as follows: Let the student reflect for awhile on his surroundings, and try to find some commonplace observation which will bear repetition three or four times, as, for instance, suppose that he has negotiated with the tailor a new suit of clothes. Here is a start to begin with:—

I have got a new suit.

This will do for the refrain of a stanza, and the next thing to do is to make a mental calculation of a few obvious rhymes for "suit," such as "fruit" and "brute," for instance, and to see what idea, if any, is suggested by those words. The word "fruit," to any ordinary intelligence sharpened by struggling with poetry, will suggest at once the story of Adam and Eve and the apple, and the first suit of clothes on record, which gives a tolerably wide scope, and might, indeed, form the leading idea of the poem, as, for instance, it is only natural for a man to feel pleased when he has got new clothes on. There is an undefinable joy pervading the soul under such circumstances, which may be thus expressed:

I am filled with a sort of mysterious joy,  
The heart in my bosom is light;  
I have got a new suit from the tailor, my boy,  
It arrived in a parcel last night.

There is nothing in poetry, as I always hold, which is so admirable as simplicity. The mention of the parcel is very creditable. Now for the Garden of Eden—

When in Eden the fall of our parents took place,  
Who devoured the prohibited fruit,  
They were surely consoled in the midst of disgrace  
By the thought that they'd got a new suit.

This is very well for the first stanza. Now for the next:—

It must often have vexed the philosopher's mind,  
In a terrible way, to reflect  
That adornment should have on the souls of mankind  
Such a very delightful effect.

This is not an original thought, but still it is neatly put. Following it up, the poet continues:—

But Nature has certainly given to man  
An enjoyment denied to the brute,  
For I freely must own, as my person I scan,  
I am glad I have got a new suit.

Verses of this kind should not, as a rule, contain more than three stanzas, one for introduction, one for amplification of the subject, and a third for its application. After that the thing becomes tedious. Two or more rhymes for the same word may be introduced into the last, by way of using up the material, and leaving no chips about:—

The sergeant who seeks to enlist a recruit  
Is aware of no words to entice  
Which are stronger than these: "You shall have a new suit  
To parade in; oh, won't it be nice!"  
A word or two more just permit me to say,  
And I promise my muse shall be mute—  
But it's beautiful weather for walking to-day,  
And you see—I have got a new suit.

The last two lines speak volumes; and, on the whole, the verses have a clear purpose, which is to illustrate one of the weaknesses of human nature.

## MUSICAL HUMAN NATURE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

## No. III.—THE HARP.

THIS is usually reckoned to be the sweetest of all musical instruments. Why, I know not altogether, because the generality of those who have heard it played will assuredly not have been much gratified by the circumstance. That the harp can be made occasionally to discourse sweet music a few people are aware by experience, but more stick to the notion from tradition and sentiment. There is, in fact, no instrument which causes such diverse impressions as does the harp, according to the circumstances under which it is heard. Not being a very portable engine, it is rarely heard in the hands of street musicians; but should it happen to be so heard, the effect is anything but angelic. On the other hand, I have heard the harp treated with exceeding skill by trained and experienced performers, insomuch that the result has been eminently pleasing to the ear. It is reported that in olden times minstrels, of Welsh and other nationalities, used to carry harps about with them, stirring the people with familiar tunes and songs; but the degeneracy of the age, and the invention of barrel-organs, has abolished this quaint and pleasing form of minstrelsy, and every town and village in Europe has now its mechanical Blondel grinding out under castle-walls or beneath parlour-windows with unerring precision his too familiar strains. The harp may be said to be no more, save as an occasional concert-room curiosity, or as a memento of the past, and a symbol of paradise. The harp used to be the favourite of monarchs. Those even who did not play themselves listened to it with rapture. King David played upon it, drove away the blue devils with it, and was written down a "sweet musician," just in the same manner as our amiable Prince Leopold plays upon the fiddle, and is complimented by the loyal and discriminating critics of our day. The harp, however, as I have said, is tacitly regarded as a symbol of paradise. A lady once remarked to me about a wandering harper, who had strayed into an enclosed garden in search of coppers. "Ah! there'll be 'armony in 'eaven, there are 'arps!" and she turned her eyes in the direction thus faultily indicated, gasping as she turned them. This was an excellent lady, for whom I have a profound respect. What does it matter to me whether she pronounces her aspirates properly or not? Not a whit. Some people call it vulgar; they affect to be shocked; very likely they are shocked. Yet, after all, this is but a small thing whether one says 'eaven or heaven.' Do we not all expect to go there? Assuredly; and it is only politeness to assume that we shall none of us be disappointed. As to the other place, don't mention it. Go along, you vulgar man; that is a word that none of us want to pronounce. It is a monosyllable, in which the use of the aspirate does not make the least difference. It is even so. Heaven is a place to which we shall all go when we die, and hear harp-playing to perfection. A place where there will be no more lies, and shams, and dirty actions, and dram-drinking. Is it not a nice place to think of? and what a hurry we should all be in to die and get there! We are all so dreadfully tired of telling lies, you see; and that glass of wine too much is becoming a weariness in the flesh. How all people who go to church must yearn for the time when such abominable shams as hats, and feathers, and wigs, and false teeth can be dispensed with for ever! How beautiful we should all look without our shams! How fit for eternal communion with angels! Angels don't wear gay gowns, and bonnets, and polished hats. Yes, we are all bound on one journey, the whole congregation. Let us pray for the speedy coming of the day when we shall cast aside our shell of humbug. Even the preacher longs for it; for, between you and me, he is the greatest humbug of all, for he very often succeeds in humbugging himself. Yes, when we hear his glowing description of Heaven, and reflect how suited such a place will be for all of us, the schemers, the tricksters, the wretched villains of society, the drunkards, thieves, the — How all this tirade of abuse arose out of a discourse on the harp I can hardly say; but perhaps more people will get to heaven than seem to deserve it, or than are likely to be comfortable there.

## AN UNSAVOURY SUBJECT.

EVEN unsavoury subjects must occasionally be tackled. We cannot, at all events, avoid smelling some evil odours during the course of our lives unless we go about everlastingly holding our noses, which is inconvenient. One would have thought, however, that the atmosphere of Manchester streets was already bad and unhealthy enough, of unhappy necessity, without being further contaminated, for the citizens who take their walks abroad by day, by the driving through the streets of carts containing offensive matter which shall be nameless. The slovenliness, or neglect, or wisdom, or whatever it may be called, of some officials of the Corporation, offends our nostrils daily by obtruding to their notice cartloads of unsavoury deposits, which, according to law, we believe ought to be carted in the night only. There is, perhaps, only need that attention should prominently be called to this matter in order that it should be remedied, but some correspondence has appeared in the daily papers which has not had the desired effect. To speak plainly, there is at present an uncivilised and altogether impermissible manner adopted in the removal of nightsoil in this city, which is an offence at once to the eye, the ear, and the bodily health of citizens. The less said on such an unsavoury matter the better, but it is only our duty to call attention to it.

## OFF FOR A HOLIDAY.

Away! away!  
For a holiday,  
My cares I'll leave behind me;  
For many a week  
In my place you'll seek,  
But in vain you will not find me.

Away! away!  
My foot shall stray  
Where earth and sand are brightest,  
On the sea-girt shore  
Where the billows roar,  
And the sands are firm and whitest.

Away! away!  
For a whole month's play—  
The thought is most delicious—  
Where the myrtle grows,  
And the wild blush-rose,  
And the Eglantine capricious.

Away! away!—  
But avast! I pray,  
Such anticipations frantic;  
Five pounds won't go  
As far, you know,  
As the shore of the vast Atlantic.

Away! Away!  
With the visions gay  
Of insane imagination;  
I've a five-pound note  
In all to devote  
To my holiday peregrination.

## HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

[BY OUR OWN CYNIC.]

ALWAYS tell the truth if possible; but, if not, tell the most convenient lie you can find.

Never mind trampling on people's corns. Those thus afflicted should not get in the way.

Honesty is the best policy, but a cheap and inferior article is often more useful. A common coat does to wear in business hours, and saves money.

Politeness costs nothing, therefore use it freely yourself, but mistrust it in your neighbour.

Remember that you are not the only wise man in the world, therefore never miss a chance of plundering a fool. If you don't do it, somebody else will.

Never neglect the public ordinances of religion. A couple of hours spent in church will raise you more in the estimation of men than years of private devotion.

Always have a kindly word for those in misfortune; it saves money.  
If you give money away at all, don't give it to a poor man; he is sure to waste it.

Never admit that you are in the wrong. The world is ready enough to take any one at his word who cries loud enough.

# IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL.

[BY OUR OWN REPORTER.]

**Y**OU who jeer at Irish wit and  
Humour, saying it is dead,  
Say that now there's not a bit, and  
At its mention shake your head;  
Listen to a tale of humour,  
And of Irish wit sublime,  
And a chairman, with a tumour  
On his head, knocked out of time.  
It was Sunday last, as ever  
Happened in this whirl of space,  
That the things I'll now endeavour  
To describe to you took place.  
"Wit and humour" was the theme on  
Which the lecture was to be,  
But each patriot, like a demon,  
Howled that Ireland should be free.  
All in vain O'Connor Power  
Tried his notions to expound;  
Biggar tried his balms to shower,  
But they fell on heedless ground,  
For the Irishman has got a  
Funny theory of wit,  
And on humour, and it's not a  
Bit of use to argue it.  
All the Irish are to Freedom  
And their land devoted quite,  
On the point of whose to lead 'em—  
This is where they always fight.  
Let us never cease attacks on  
All who'd cripple Ireland's right;  
If we cannot fight the Saxon,  
Still among ourselves we'll fight;  
Never at a loss for reason  
Need the glorious Irish be,  
We can fight at any season  
Till for ever we be free;  
So a quarrel of the factions  
On the question of repeal  
Caused the humorous transactions  
With the which I have to deal.  
Now the chairman growing pale is,  
Though as yet his head's intact,  
For the mob have seized shillaleghs—  
Legs of chairs, to be exact.  
All the scene is now confusion,  
And the rival factions roar;  
Biggar's head has a contusion,  
As the heads of several more.  
Says the chairman, "My advice is  
That disturbers should be swept"—  
Your reporter at this crisis  
Underneath the platform crept;  
And this ignominious plight in,  
While the combat never lulls,  
He admires their mode of fightin'  
And the thickness of their skulls.

## SLEEPING OUT!

**W**OULD that Sir John Hles Mantell had been the stipendiary at the Leeds Police Court, for a case came up to be dealt with there, a day or two ago, which would have done him good for many months to come. Twin brothers, aged only seventy, appeared in the dock to answer a summons charging them with committing "an act of vagrancy in sleeping out in each other's arms." Was such brotherly affection ever seen in the world before? and yet the magistrates discharged them. Wouldn't Sir John have awarded an exemplary punishment to such gross offenders, had they come before him! By the way, is it true that Sir John has threatened to commit all children of tender years found sleeping out—in their nurse's arms, or in perambulators?

## WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

**U**NACCUSTOMED as I am to writing in prose, I must beg the reader's forbearance from elaborate criticism of my performance in that line. Time out of mind I have discoursed in verse (that is speaking relatively) until I can find few rhymes to suit the nature of my complaint, few metres which are adapted to a disordered digestion and an enfeebled frame. Yes, it is too true I am veritably, and, indeed, a hypochondriac. I am seldom well, and, indeed, am far from well now. You may smile at the assertion, but, alas! it is too true. Why should a man take the trouble to write as I do, even granted that he had cribbed his experiences somewhere, unless prompted by circumstances most dire and most distressing? No man, look you, discourses without some inspiring motive. Even the lucubrations of a broken heart, of disappointed love, domestic bereavement, or what not, have been printed before now and paid for by the yard, whatever the liberality or otherwise of the scale of remuneration. For my part, I see no reason why the pangs of a recalcitrant stomach should not, if properly treated, prove of equal interest and utility with those of a disappointed heart-longing. You say that the subject is commonplace, or even vulgar. I deny it. The passion of love is short-lived; jealousy is a spasmodic emotion. Friendship is evanescent, but the stern necessity of a daily dinner, of one, two, three, or even four meals per diem, is no transient part of our existence. We cannot shirk that craving, which Nature implants even in the sucking child, the skipping lamb, the grazing colt of the ass, to eat something, to drink something. You who are strong, and in good health, and have sharp teeth, and devour beefsteaks, do not think of these things. You do not swallow your dinner as a duty, but as a half-conscious pleasure; and ere it is half digested you thank God for it, which I hope you do punctually. Does it ever occur to you to thank God, not only for daily meat, daily bread, daily potatoes, but also for a good digestion? I daresay not. You take it as a matter of course, just as you do your tough steak. Oh, friend! oh, brother! long may your digestive organs be in a fit state to encounter that tough provender! not only for your own sakes—though that is something—but because I can imagine no worse assemblage of human beings than a regiment of men with bad digestions. I have got a bad digestion, look you; I dare not eat what I see other men eat, not only for the consequences to my own inside—that is bad enough—but because indigestion is a fiend. I would as lief be possessed of the devil as have one of my worst fits of that complaint. Talk of the demon of drink! There are more prospective miseries lurking in the butcher's shop in the shape of tough meat, to be rendered worse presently by abominable cookery, than in twenty brandy-bottles. I beg that if I should ever murder my wife and family, say, the fault may be set down to indigestion. It is my practice to watch with admiration and awe the consumption of food by my fellow-men. I speculate over the lump of beef, or mutton, or what not, on the prong of the fork. There goes, it occurs to me, another nightmare; there is another dose of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. Do not, I feel inclined to exclaim, do not, my unknown friend, touch that beefsteak pudding which has been served to you; there is murder in it. Excuse the familiarity from a mere stranger, but there is hatred in that crust, revenge in those lumps of fat, and murder, or at least manslaughter, in those lumps of meat and gristle. Put it away, it is an abomination; eat a crust of dry bread, wash it down with pure water, and be happy. Yet stay, what is this? a real Yorkshire beefsteak pudding, well boiled; none of your little bastard imitations, all batter and grease! What! mushrooms, oysters, tender meat, a well made thick crust! I may have some of this. It would surely not hurt the most delicate stomach. Now, having said so much, I cannot refrain from giving the address of the only place in Manchester where such a luxury can be obtained. Go to the Stock Exchange Luncheon-bar, off Cross Street. I did not start with the intention of giving this gratuitous advertisement, nor, indeed, have I by any means said what I started to say; but there are many roads that lead to Rome, though the pilgrim may occupy a long time on the road.



## SPIRIT-UALISM!

ANY of the ladies and gentlemen who attended the British Association, at Glasgow, had to go a very long way to gain a very little information which they had not got before. In the discussion on spiritualism, for instance, Mr. C. Groom Napier ventured to say:—

"He could confirm what had been said as to the power some persons possessed by a mere effort of will of throwing themselves into a state of reverie, during which they received impressions from the unseen world, and became acquainted with all that was passing in distant parts. He had often done that. (Laughter.) He himself had fallen into a reverie in the reception-room of the British Association the other day—(laughter) and he addressed an individual whom he had never seen, but he knew him and his habits by his own spiritual consciousness. (Laughter.)"

Well, we think everybody will agree that it is not a very unusual thing for a man to throw himself into a brown study. We have seen a few of the city councillors do it when Sir Joseph Heron was in a somewhat sarcastic mood; but we are not so sure that it is an easy matter for a man to throw himself into a sort of reverie, which Mr. Napier fell into in the reception-room of the British Association, when he addressed an individual whom he had never seen before. It is true that we once heard of a man who, when he had had as much in the way of intoxicating liquors as was good for him, went into a reverie, in which he snored most delightfully; and when he awoke he always addressed the individual nearest to him, no matter who he might be, and begged for a brandy and soda. We won't say that Mr. Napier suffered from a like misconception, unless he cares to explain in detail what the following passage means:—

"He had a friend who lived near him, and he knew whenever he wanted to see him. His friend merely willed or wished that he should come, and he always went. This medium could tell his age and his habits with quite as great accuracy as his mother could—(great laughter)—and even his weight. He had gone to bed one night after having been with his friend Dr. Sims, and on the wall he saw a figure after the style of Rembrandt's 'Vision of Dr. Faustus'—(laughter)—and it was a plain intimation of what he was to do for Dr. Sim."

Just so. Glasgow is famous for its Scotch whiskey, and we have heard of more than one of the *savans* of the British Association having to find a nightcap for his friend after he got to bed!

## SHAKSPERE ON THE EASTERN CRISIS.

For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond slaves and Pagans shall our statesmen be.

Othello, act I, scene 2.

## "THE GARDEN PARTY."

A Satire, by "Vulcan." Manchester: John Heywood. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

GREAT truths are often told or elucidated by comparatively humble individuals, and the thanks of humanity should never be withheld in the case of benefits, however small, which lead in this direction. The small book or pamphlet, which has been sent us for review, has suggested the foregoing remarks. The truth which its author tells, or rather illustrates, is this—that the writing of a satire, in order that it shall be readable, instructive, or even sensible, demands the possession by the author of a stock-in-trade, consisting of some things, besides a supply of stationery and a good opinion of oneself. The truth hinted at gleams unwittingly from the author's pages, for it is hardly to be supposed that any one would have been silly enough to write a book for the sake of teaching such a lesson. Having gathered thus much from a perusal of a few pages on the *ex pede Hercules* principle, the reader who has patience enough not to throw the book away will discover darkly that the object of the work is to throw ridicule upon the Liberal party. The leaders of the party are to this end supposed to be in conclave at an ideal garden party, under the presidency of Mr. Gladstone. Now, it does not matter twopenny for our purpose who are the intended victims of the bolts forged by

this "Vulcan;" we have only to deal with the weapons themselves, their mode of manufacture, and use. The satirist begins very characteristically. Mr. Gladstone is supposed to say—

"Here we are again my hearties!  
Met to get the upper hand  
In the battle of the Parties,  
And regain the *Happy Land*.  
Light up, then, and fill your glasses,  
And consult here at your ease  
How to win again the masses—  
Brother Lowe, the matches please!"

And so on. Now, so far there is no great cause to complain, nor, indeed, is any great complaint to be made. Messrs. Moses and Son would be glad enough to get hold of such a vigorous rhymster.

"In contemporary pages  
I have hinted to the Pope,  
And his Ultramontane sages  
They had better buy a rope."

The elliptical figure of speech is forcible, and suggests that the Pope, etc., had better go and hang themselves. If they only knew that "Vulcan" was down on them, they would doubtless do it at once. Mr. Gladstone complains of his party; he says they have got, among others—

"Friends of Liberty and Odger,  
Peter-Alfred-Tayloyites;  
Some who would the sad condition  
Of deceased wives' sisters stop;  
Others with a sacred mission  
In the interests of pop;  
Some, I fear, whose hearts are hollow;  
Some who still at trifles stick;  
Every ill that flesh is heir to  
Finds with us its Sairey Gamp.  
Thus each patriot has his hobby  
Which he rides in spite of us;  
So we go into the lobby  
With a force not worth a cuss.  
It's enough to make one falter—  
Such a variegated lot!  
Really, we shall have to alter,  
Or for ever go to pot."

We have cut out four lines from the last quotation in order to have space, but the sense of the passage is by no means affected by the operation. Observe the noble images and phrases, and the ingenuity of the rhymes. We have space for but one more quotation, but as the body of the satire is neither better nor worse than the beginning and end, and is filled with flippant ignorant allusions to great topics of the day, and to men and principles respected in the land, our forbearance will be appreciated. The conclusion is as follows:—

"Then the People's William, rising,  
Sadder than he was before,  
Said, 'To me it seems surprising  
We've accomplished nothing more,  
By our present consultation,  
Than at loggerheads to fall;  
Showing thus to all the nation  
We've no policy at all,  
Since your absurd division  
You've no chance of being freed,  
I have come to the decision  
Never more to take the lead.  
Politics I now for ever  
Leave to work out their own ends.  
Farewell, Granville; farewell, Goschen;  
Farewell, all! I'm weary grown;  
And upon a calmer ocean  
Now must end my voyage alone.  
Good Hope's Cape my bark is doubling,  
And I see the country blest,  
Where the Tories cease from troubling,  
And the Liberals are at rest.'"

It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good, and we suppose that publishers and printers make money by the existence of trashy scribblers. We can understand how a heedless mortal here and there might pay sixpence for this volume, but it passes belief that any one, having so bought it, should read it through for amusement or instruction.

**GARVEY'S LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S SELF-PROPELLING BATH CHAIRS**, for those that cannot walk.—GARVEY, the Private Carriage Builder, &c., 28, Downing Street, and 2, Grosvenor Street, Manchester.

## MR. J. G. TAYLOR.

THE *London Figaro* remarks:—"It is a good deal regretted in Manchester that Mr. J. G. Taylor has, in consequence of a misunderstanding, closed his engagement with Mr. Browne and his connection with the famous Prince's Theatre. Mr. Taylor's stage management is excellent, and many of the 'sets' at the Prince's have been as effective and as good as anything of their kind in London. Of his acting there is little need to speak, with our recollection of his versatile efforts at the Gaiety so fresh. It is an ill-wind, however, which blows no one any good, and we are, I am glad to think, likely to benefit by the losses of the Manchester playgoers, for Mr. Taylor is too useful and indefatigable an artist to go begging for a good metropolitan engagement." We ourselves in Manchester must echo the remarks of the *Figaro*. The loss of Mr. Taylor will be heavily felt for a good while, not only at the theatre but among the public. It is not only as a stage manager that Mr. Taylor will be missed. It was becoming a matter of pride amongst us that there was a resident actor at one of our theatres who could on occasion rival, if not eclipse, Mr. Toole and other wandering stars, whose brilliancy was apt, when not toned down, to dazzle the eyes. It is no use, however, crying over spilt milk.

## THE THEATRES.

MR. IRVING'S Hamlet, at the Prince's, has drawn all the week good, but somewhat unappreciative, houses. The fact is that so much publicity, in the press and otherwise, has been given to the subject that a large number of people have been attracted to the theatre in the most barren of all searches, that of "their own satisfaction." Mr. Irving is to play in "Charles the First" to-night, a piece in which he will, as most people suspect, appear to far greater advantage than he does in "Hamlet." He will also address a few words to the audience. If he leaves out all

reference to the Bulgarian Atrocities he will deserve the thanks of his hearers, and will have made a decided hit as times go.

Mr. Charles Dillon has been doing his round of characters at the Royal with a very good reception. His Othello has been criticised time out of mind in Manchester and elsewhere. If not a masterly, it is a painstaking and intelligent performance, and is, in fact, as good an interpretation of that Shaksperian character as the average playgoer can hope to see. Mr. Dillon is well supported by the company, Mr. G. O. Tearle's Iago being clever, scholarly, and subdued. It is a difficult and rather ignominious part to play, but Mr. Tearle manages to clothe it with an unusual amount of interest for the audience, while at the same time the proper subordination of the character to the exigencies of the story is always kept in mind. Mr. Tearle's Iago is worthy of subordination to a better Othello.

Remarks about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the drama produced at the Queen's, appeared in this journal a week or two ago.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

*The Forgotten Arctic Expedition*.—It had better remain as it is than be remembered in such a fashion.

*Aid for Bulgaria*, H. W. C., Stockport.—We do not wish to bring ridicule on the cause, which would be the unintentional effect of your contribution. We will, however, send the stamps to the relief fund, if that will be any assuagement to you.

*Bulgarian Horrors*, Septimus, and Others.—With the remark that your feelings do you more credit than your powers of composition, we must decline all except the stamps, with thanks. The latter shall be devoted to the cause as above.

*Our Churches and Chapels*, No. 1.—Without reference to No. 2, we may say that No. 1 is unacceptable.

*Helping the Good Work*.—Your desire to have a hand in it is creditable, but you are more likely to put your foot in it.

*A Street Nuisance*.—They may be troublesome sometimes, but you must remember that the boards are their bread; that is the meaning of the word sandwich.

*The Other Side of the Question*.—At present in the department of the waste-paper basket. J. C. E.—The "Old Fogie" is not a member of the City Council.

A. C. P.—You may send whatever you please.

*Not a Poet*.—The signature is the only bit of sense contained in your communication.

*The British Lion*.—The "mane" is all right, which rhymes with "pain," and "paw" with "law;" but we fear if the skin were removed the inside would rhyme with "grace."

# Bulgarian Relief Fund!!!

At a MEETING held in the Mayor's Parlour, on Friday, September 8th, his Worship the Mayor of Manchester in the chair, it was moved by Mr. Oliver Heywood, seconded by Mr. Henry Rawson, and carried unanimously,—

- 1.—That this meeting decides to raise a fund for the relief of the Bulgarian sufferers.

It was moved by the Lord Bishop of Manchester, seconded by Mr. Wm. Rayner Wood, and carried unanimously,—

- 2.—That a committee be formed for the purpose of collecting and receiving such funds, with power to deal with them according to their discretion, and that it is the hope of this meeting that similar committees will be formed in other parts of the country, with whom the Manchester Committee may co-operate so as to make the fund as large as possible, and to secure its efficient distribution.

- 3.—That the following gentlemen be the committee, with power to add to their number: The MAYOR of MANCHESTER, Chairman; OLIVER HEYWOOD, Esq., Treasurer; Messrs. ARTHUR BIRLEY, C. E. SCHWANN, S. A. STEINTHAL, Secretaries.

(The names to be published in subsequent advertisements.)

Moved by Mr. B. Armitage, seconded by Hugh Birley, Esq., M.P., and carried unanimously,—

- 4.—That the committee having the care of this fund, in the event of having a surplus when they shall have answered what they consider the requirements of this object, shall have power to make such other use of the same as they may think fit.

It was moved by Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., and carried by acclamation,—

That the thanks of the meeting be given to the Mayor for his kindness in presiding over this meeting.

Contributions to the fund will be received at any of the Manchester banks payable to the credit of the fund. Clergymen and Ministers are respectfully requested to secure congregational collections in behalf of the fund, and to pay the proceeds to the credit of the fund.

Town Hall, Manchester, Sept. 8th, 1876.

ARTHUR BIRLEY, C. E. SCHWANN, S. A. STEINTHAL, Hon. Secs.

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EAR-RINGS, BROOCHES, BRACELETS, STUDS,

SLEEVE LINKS, BREAST PINS, &amp;c.,

At Prices Lower than any other House in the Trade.

4 &amp; 12, STRETFORD ROAD.

## DINNER CLARET,

12s. PER DOZEN.

At this price we supply a sound,  
wholesome Bordeaux Wine, which  
will keep and improve in bottle for  
years if required.

## Of Fine Clarets

We offer a large Stock, well matured,  
in bottle, at16s., 22s., 26s., 30s., 36s., 42s.  
per Dozen.

## JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS,

26, MARKET STREET,

MANCHESTER.

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**LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.**  
NEW DIRECT ROUTE to the ISLE OF MAN via  
FLEETWOOD.—SEA PASSAGE THREE AND A HALF  
HOURS.—The Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's cele-  
brated steamer DOUGLAS will sail daily (Sundays excepted)  
from July 1st until September 30th, leaving Douglas at 8 a.m.  
and Fleetwood at 2.30 p.m. The trains run alongside the  
steamer at Fleetwood; no expense incurred in the transfer  
of luggage to and from the steamer at Fleetwood. Tourist  
Tickets, available for two months, are issued at all the  
principal stations. List of fares and times of departure as  
follows:—

Time of dep.	1st cl. and 2nd cl. and 3rd cl. and for Douglas.	From	saloon.	saloon.	deck.
11.30 a.m.	Stalybridge.....	21s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	
11.35 a.m.	Ashton.....	21s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	
11.5 a.m.	Middleton.....	20s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	
12.10 p.m.	Manchester (Vic.).....	19s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	
12.17 p.m.	Pendleton.....	19s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	
11.4 a.m.	Stoneclough.....	19s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	
11.45 a.m.	Farnworth and Halsbury Moor.....	19s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	
12.30 p.m.	Mosses Gate.....	19s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	
12.41 p.m.	Bolton.....	18s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	

The train in connection with the steamer from Douglas  
will be due to leave Fleetwood at 12.30 p.m.  
WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.  
Manchester, July, 1876.

EQUAL TO HOME MADE.

## WM. P. HARTLEYS

MARMALADE AND PRESERVES

ARE THE BEST.

**WILLIAM P. HARTLEY**  
invites attention to the superior  
quality of this Season's PRESERVES, the  
fruit for which has been HAND-PICKED  
and SNUFFED with the same care as is  
exercised in domestic preserving, producing  
an article equal to home-made.

"The quality of Mr. Hartley's produce is excellent"  
CONFECTIONERY WORKS: BOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.

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MCLEOD & CALDWELL,  
PHOTOGRAPHERS,

77, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.

UNEQUALLED CARTES-DE-VISITE, 5s. PER DOZEN.

See specimens before going elsewhere.

N.B.—All Pictures taken by one of the Principals. Parties  
favouring us with their patronage can depend on having  
first-class work.

77, Oldham Street, corner of Hilton Street.

**£2 WEEKLY AND UPWARDS  
MAY BE EASILY AND HONESTLY  
REALISED** by persons of EITHER SEX, without  
hindrance to present occupation.—Enclose, for particulars  
and sample, 12 stamps (returned if desired), addressed,  
EVANS, WATTS, & CO., Merchants, Albion Street, Bir-  
mingham.—This is genuine.

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DODDS, of Norman Grove, North Road, Loughlight, at his  
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**PAPER HANGINGS!** variety and newest designs. Borders, Centres,  
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MANUFACTURERS, 29, ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER